THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 25, 1801.

Sketch of the Life of General Sir Ralph Abercromby.

THIS brave officer, like Epaminondas, like Wolfe, has died of the wounds received in a hard-fought battle, in which he was Commander in Chief, and was victorious. To his country, the loſs of ſuch a man, at ſuch a time, is ineſtimable. For himſelf, it might have been ſomewhat happier, if the victory had been finally deciſive of the fate of Egypt; more glorious it could ſcarcely in any circumſtances have been. It has crowned one of the moſt honourable military lives which hiſtory ſhall ever commemorate for the emulation of future times.

His deſcent was from an old, though not opulent Scottiſh family, of the county of Stirling. He was born, as we have been informed, about the year 1738. On the 23d of May, 1756, he obtained a Cornetcy in the 2d dragoon guards. He roſe, on the 24th of April, 1762, to the rank of a Captain in the 3d regiment of horſe. Aſcending through the intermediate gradations of rank, he was appointed, on the 3d of November, 1781, to the Colonelcy of the 103d infantry. On the 28th of September, 1787, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General. On the 5th of November, 1795, he obtained the command of the 7th regiment of dragoons.

Having been nearly forty years in the army, having ſerved with honour in two wars, and being eſteemed one of the ableſt, cooleſt, and moſt intrepid officers in the whole Britiſh forces, he was employed on the Continent, under his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York, in the commencement of the preſent war.

In the action on the heights of Cateau, he commanded the advanced guard. At Nimeguen he was wounded. He conducted the march of the guards from Deventer to Oldenſaul, in the retreat of the Britiſh out of Holland, in the winter of 1794-95.

In Auguſt, 1795, he was appointed to ſucceed Sir Charles Grey, as Commander in Chief of the Britiſh forces in the Weſt-Indies. On the 24th of March, 1796, Grenada was ſuddenly attacked and taken by a detachment of the army under his orders. He afterwards obtained poſſeſſion of the ſettlements of Demarara and Iſſequibo, in South America. St. Lucia was next taken by more difficult exertions, in which the ability of this eminent Commander was ſignally diſplayed. St. Vincent's was, by the middle of June, added to the Britiſh conqueſts. Trinidad, in February, 1797, ſhared the ſame fate.

He returned the ſame year to Europe. He was, in reward for ſuch important ſervices, inveſted with the red ribbon, appointed to the command of the regiment of Scots Greys, intruſted with the government of the Iſle of Wight, Fort George, and Fort Auguſtus, and raiſed to the high military rank of Lieutenant-General.

He held, for a time, the chief command of the forces in Ireland. In that command, he laboured to maintain the diſcipline of the army, to ſuppreſs the riſing rebellion, and to protect the people from military oppreſſion, with a care worthy alike of the great General and the enlightened and beneficent ſtateſman. From that ſtation he was called to the chief command of the forces in Scotland. His conduct in this diſtinguiſhed appointment gave univerſal ſatisfaction.

When the great enterpriſe againſt Holland was reſolved upon, Sir Ralph Abercromby was called again to command, under his Royal Highneſs the Duke of York.

His country applauded the choice, when he was ſent with an army to diſpoſſeſs the French of Egypt. His experience in Holland and Flanders, and in the climate of the Weſt Indies, peculiarly fitted him for this new command. He accompliſhed ſome of the firſt duties of a General, in carrying his army in health, in ſpirits, and with the requiſite intelligence and ſupplies, to the deſtined ſcene of action. The landing, the firſt diſpoſitions, the attacks, and the courage oppoſed to attack, the ſpirit with which his army appears to have been by confidence in their leader inſpired, demonſtrate that all the beſt qualities of one of the greateſt Commanders were in Sir Ralph Abercromby united—that they were all ſummoned forth into activity, in the achievements amid which he fell.

This moſt valuable officer received a fatal wound in the battle of the 21ſt of March, 1801, with the French army in Egypt; the circumſtances of which we cannot better ſtate than in the words of the official account of General Hutchinſon, who ſucceeded him in the command of the army, and which are as follow:

"We have ſuſtained an irreparable loſs in the perſon of our never ſufficiently to be lamented Commander in Chief, Sir Ralph

Ralph Abercromby, who was mortally wounded in the action, and died on the 28th of March. I believe he was wounded early, but he concealed his ſituation from thoſe about him, and continued in the field, giving his orders with that coolneſs and perſpicuity, which had ever marked his character, 'till long after the action was over, when he fainted through weakneſs and loſs of blood. Were it permitted for a ſoldier to regret any one who has fallen in the ſervice of his country, I might be excuſed for lamenting him, more than any other perſon; but it is ſome conſolation to thoſe who tenderly loved him, that as his life was honourable, ſo was his death glorious. His memory will be recorded in the annals of his country—will be ſacred to every Britiſh ſoldier, and embalmed in the recollection of a grateful poſterity."

His private character was modeſt, diſintereſted, upright, unſtained by any negligent or licentious vice. He was a good ſon, brother, father, huſband, and friend, as well as an able and heroic General.

Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 and 1797.

[Continued from Page 386.]

AFTER living ſeveral months with the Seegerines, M. Damberger fell into the hands of another people, called Sovians, from their inhabiting Sova, a kingdom ſubject to the King of Angola. The accident by which he became a priſoner to the Sovians was peculiar, and he thus relates it.

"On the 7th of June, 1785, two ſlaves arrived in the village where I reſided, who had eſcaped from a troop of ſlaves, eſcorted by a ſtrong body of Sovians on their way to Bengula. Theſe ſlaves depoſed that, on the 19th, the above troop, conſiſting of thirty ſlaves, would paſs cloſe by the frontiers of Porguhomat, in conſequence of which advice, preparations were immediately made in the village to diſperſe the eſcort, or take them priſoners along with the troop of ſlaves. I learned at the ſame time that although the country of Angola was about an eight days journey diſtant from their province, yet they were here conſtantly ready to injure them as well as the Sovians, and to deſtroy their ſlave trade. I had formerly been preſent at ſeveral incurſions, made for the mere purpoſe of defending or protecting the frontiers, but this time I was called upon to aſſiſt in ſurpriſing the enemy.

"We put ourſelves in motion on the 17th in the evening, forty-ſeven in number, half of whom were armed with javelins

and hunting-ſpears, and the reſt with battle axes. We marched the whole night over mountains and through foreſts, taking our route towards the north eaſt, and halted the next morning a few hours on a mountain, from whence we proceeded to a village which lay on the declivity thereof, and was called Wakulaho, and belonged to our nation. Being joined here by twenty men we purſued our march, croſſed in the evening a ſmall river, marched again the whole night, and ſaw at break of day a village lying before us. We reſolved to ſearch this village, and to collect information relative to the time when the troop of ſlaves was expected. Two other combatants who had ſore feet, and myſelf, were ordered to remain in our reſting place until the reſt ſhould return from the village.

"Much pleaſed with this order of our commander, whoſe name was Kydomoh, we lay down behind a rock and awaited the return of our troop, which was expected in the evening; but nobody came. Having waited the whole night in turn, we proceeded the next morning to the village, without either finding our troop, or obtaining the leaſt intelligence whither they had directed their march. Having proceeded a little way farther on we found two roads, both marked with freſh footſteps. Uncertain which road we ought to purſue, agreed at laſt to ſeparate into two parties, one of us turned to the north-eaſt, while I and another of my companions took the route towards the eaſt.

"We had not proceeded far, when we loſt all trace of the road; at laſt, however, we reached the village through which the party muſt paſs, and found there that which had a few hours before taken another road. We requeſted an old man to give us a night's lodging: he immediately granted our requeſt. A little after midnight we heard a great noiſe in the village, and believing that our friends were coming back, we haſtened out of the hut to ſhew ourſelves to them, but we were grievouſly miſtaken; for it was the enemy, who, having received intelligence of the intended attack upon them, had taken a different route, and arrived here without any oppoſition. They carried off with them, beſides us, ſome young women belonging to the village; and continued their march all the following day through woods and over mountains. In the evening we arrived at a village called Brhtyho, which lies in the territory of the Sovians. The captives were all conducted to the mani, (judge), who ordered us ſome four milk and medabahat, (a kind of pear) for ſupper. The place where we lodged all night was very inconvenient, as about ſixty perſons were obliged to lie in one hut; and conſequently none of us were able to ſleep.

"In the morning they faſtened us together by threes, and marched us farther. The road was extremely bad, and moſt of us were incapable of proceeding farther, as the wounds in their feet cauſed them great pain. Although in the evening we ſaw

villages

villages on both ſides of the road, yet we were obliged to paſs the night in the open air, as they were afraid of being attacked. The villages of this tract of country generally conſiſt of from ſixteen to twenty wretched low ſquare huts, which are covered with reed-graſs.

"After midnight we again decamped, and marched till about noon over a large ſandy plain. At laſt we reached a ſmall town, where we were conducted to the hut adjoining the mani's: here they took off the thongs with which they had tied us together, and gave us ſome peaſe-meal and milk. Many of the captives had their feet ſo ſwelled as to be unable to walk. The ſoles of my feet were likewiſe covered with bliſters, and the feet and legs wounded in ſeveral places by thiſtles. Every one now endeavoured to cure himſelf as well as he could. Among the natives I obſerved many who ſeemed to feel compaſſion for our ſufferings.

"This nation agrees in manners, cuſtoms, religion, dreſs, and mode of life with the Angolans: in their language only is there ſome difference, but not of any importance.

"On the 23d all the captives were marched to a green near the town, and there minutely examined whether they were properly qualified to be ſlaves; and to ſuch as had wounds in their feet, a healing ſalve was given. The mani likewiſe called me, viewed and examined my whole body, and aſked me if I were a Chriſtian. I anſwered in the negative, and pretended to be an Oriental. After the examination was finiſhed, thirty of the captives, among whom were ſix women and two young girls, were taken to a ſeparate hut; but the others, and myſelf along with them, were re-conducted to the hut where we had paſſed the night.

"On the third day both diviſions were ſent off to Mapangolr; but a young handſome Matamannian and myſelf, the mani kept with him. I was appointed cow-herd, but the Matamannian, whom they could not truſt out of ſight, becauſe they knew him to be acquainted with the country, was employed in cutting wood and making mats. A native of Bengula, who had ſold himſelf to the mani for his daily ſubſiſtence, was my fellow-herdſman. We had ſeventy ſheep and twenty-ſeven goats under our care; theſe we drove to the paſture-grounds in the day time, but always brought them back in the evening to a hut built on purpoſe for them; and where we likewiſe ſlept."

Damberger ſoon grew tired of his ſituation, and contrived to make his eſcape. The next village he came to was called Akhimy. Here he was hoſpitably received. The inhabitants aſked him if he was a Chriſtian, and whether he was come to ſteal ſlaves, to both which queſtions he anſwered in the negative, and ſaid he was an Arab.

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" The moſt inquiſive of the inhabitants continued to view, and put queſtions to me till about midnight; yet in ſuch a manner that I had no cauſe to be offended. I ſlept quietly in the back part of the hut; and when I took leave of the mani on the following morning, he again gave me ſome meal, and adviſed me to keep more to the eaſt; for if I proceeded towards the north, I muſt travel a large foreſt, where I ſhould be in danger of being detained and ill-treated by the roving parties of Angolans. Notwithſtanding this friendly advice, I continued to go directly northward, and having paſſed cloſe to another Sovalan village, at noon reached the foreſt, which is half a day's journey in length, and forms a creſcent from the north-eaſt to the ſouth-weſt. A ſmall river that runs through it forms the boundary between the territory of the Sovalans and the kingdom of Angola. Towards evening I arrived, quite faint with fatigue and thirſt, on the banks of this ſmall river, lay down and refreſhed myſelf with its excellent water, and reſolved to ſtay there all night.

" Early on the morning of the 25th of October, I left the wood, and entered a beautiful plain, where I ſaw ſome very fine and high reed-graſs. About noon, as I paſſed near a ſmall thicket, I met ten Matambans, who were dealers in ſalt. They civilly ſaluted me, and put many queſtions to me, relating, as far as I could underſtand them, to the object of my journey. I anſwered as well as I could, and they ſeemed to have underſtood me, for they ceaſed queſtioning me; they endeavoured, however, to perſuade me to accompany them. I refuſed; for they were proceeding more to the weſt than to the north; and I parted from them at a village called Gality. This village is the firſt a traveller comes to on entering the kingdom of Angola by this route, and is very populous. I repaired to the cottage of the mani, to requeſt his protection: at firſt I met with a rude and ſurly repulſe; but, on preſenting three guilders to him, he gave me ſome milk, meal, and dried pears, and permitted me to paſs the night in a hovel among his ſheep and goats."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS *of the* KING *of* SARDINIA.

(Continued from Page 390.)

CHARLES EMMANUEL may not improperly be denominated the Trajan and the Marcus Aurelius of Piedmont. He ſurpaſſed his father in all the virtues ſo congenial to him and to their anceſtors. He was great in war, and even in his frequent defeats his enemies were compelled to acknowledge in his conduct the exertions and the reſources of a great General. After the peace of 1747, which confirmed to him his important

conqueſt in the Milaneſs, he applied himſelf entirely to promote the public proſperity of his ſubjects. One of his chief cares was to diſcharge his debts, in order to relieve his people from the burthen of the contributions raiſed during the wars. Poſterity will never forget what he ſaid in 1763, to one of his favourites. "This is the happieſt day of my life: I have ſuppreſſed the laſt extraordinary tax!" His economy in finances, his contempt for luxury and pleaſures, and his care not to deliver the helm of Government to the inferior miniſters, enabled him to reform many abuſes, and replace them by the moſt beneficial eſtabliſhments. He proſcribed debauchery and gambling; he reformed the juriſprudence and legiſlation; and he enacted a new code of laws, already publiſhed in 2 vols. in twelves; he protected religion; he encouraged clergymen of talents; and ordered that every eccleſiaſtical dignity, even biſhoprics, ſhould be granted only upon a competition. It is to be lamented that he brought a blemiſh upon his character, by the dreadful perſecution he raiſed againſt the celebrated Neapolitan hiſtorian, Peter Giannone, who had taken refuge in his dominions under the ſafeguard of hoſpitality and of the law of nations.

If the writer is rightly informed, his preſent Sardinian Majeſty diſcovered from his very infancy that diſpoſition for prudence and piety which had been the unalterable characteriſtic of his anceſtors. His tutor was the Prince of Soſpello, a nobleman of the firſt rank, and advantageouſly known in Italy for his liberal principles and polite manners; his chief preceptor was a venerable and learned Savoyard clergyman, promoted afterwards to the Roman purple, and known in the literary and eccleſiaſtical hierarchy under the name of Cardinal Gerdil; and one of his inſtructors was a Pietiſt, of the name of Piſcheria, reckoned one of the beſt claſſical ſcholars then in Turin. Sometimes the young Prince would attend in the Royal Academy, and take his ſeat among foreign princes; and when the celebrated naturaliſt Beccaria was appointed inſtitutor to the Duke of Chablais, his brother, he would alſo aſſiſt at a courſe of lectures on mathematics and experimental philoſophy under that reſpectable profeſſor.

In 1773, upon the acceſſion of his father to the throne of Sardinia, he took upon him the title of Prince of Piedmont; and in the year 1775, upon the marriages of his two ſiſters, Madame d'Artois, and Madame de Provence (the preſent Queen of France), he married, the Princeſs Mary Adelaide Clotilde of France. Nothing remarkable is to be found in the hiſtory of his Majeſty, from that time to the ever-memorable period of the French diſaſters. The breaking out of the war with France brought upon him the diſagreeable conſequences which we are going to relate.

According

According to a conſtitutional law of the Sardinian dominions, no public debt can be contracted by the reigning monarch without the ſignature of the preſumptive heir of the crown. His late Sardinian Majeſty, although full as prudent and juſt as any of his predeceſſors, and altogether as beloved by his people, had been charged with ſome neglects of the financial adminiſtration. It was thought that the bank-notes, or rather the paper-money, iſſued under his reign, in the name of the crown, had given ſome effectual blows to public credit, as they already loſt upwards of 20 per cent. in the circulation. For the actual preparations for a war thought ſo juſt and neceſſary, more money was requiſite, and more aſſignats were conſequently to be iſſued upon the mortgage of the crown eſtates. The Prince, being required to put his ſignature to the new debts, had ſome objections to the propoſal, and took the liberty to make ſome obſervations on the neceſſity of the war. Moſt probably he ſtated his opinion fairly, and that he did not mean to throw any cenſure upon hss father's conduct or government; but, as his difficulties were related to the King in ſtrong colours, and miſconſtrued for a ſelfiſhneſs tending not to take upon his future reign the burden of diſcharging the public debts actually under diſcuſſion, he had the mortification of being confined in his own apartments by his Majeſty's order.

We have to lament that ſo many eminent characters of the preſent age ſhould be connected with the overgrowing torrent of the French war, which, by the multiplicity and rapidity of its events, throws them unavoidably into the back ground, and impairs of courſe every ſentiment of eſteem and reſpect that is naturally due to to them; moreover, in a work like this, conſiſting of biographical notices and anecdotes, public events are little ſought for, owing to their connection with general hiſtory, and to their being of courſe the province of every other hiſtorian or journaliſt. We entertain, therefore, no wiſh to trouble our readers with an account of the treacherous practices of the French rulers and the Piedmonteſe Jacobins, before the year 1796; of the diſgraceful peace which was the reſult of them; of the delivering of all the ſtrong holds to the Corſican chief; and of the outrages, contumelies, and humiliations, by which the unhappy monarch was compelled to deliver the citadel of Turin, the laſt bulwark of his crown. We ſhall only relate ſome intereſting particulars about the expulſion of his Majeſty from Piedmont, and his retreat into Sardinia, which are neither known to the public, nor likely to be noticed by other writers.

Notwithſtanding the French occupied all the ſtrong places in the country, and the very citadel of Turin, ſtill it would have been in the power of his Majeſty to get them ſlaughtered in one hour by a ſingle hint to his ſubjects to the purpoſe. He was, however, too religious and too mild for ſuch bloody actions. When

the Directory thought of expelling him from Piedmont, they were unaware that, notwithſtanding their forces and advantages, the project could not be executed in a regular way. They were obliged to adopt ſome treacherous and diſgraceful meaſures, worthy, as Mallet du Pan juſtly ſays, *of Caſtruccio Caſtracani*; and upon ſending ſome more troops into the places, in a friendly manner, they unexpectedly impriſoned the royal garriſons, and proclaimed their republic. A ci-devant nobleman of the name of De Grouchy, brother-in-law to Condorcet, who commanded in the citadel, obliged the King, with threats of burning Turin, to ſign an abdication or rather a bequeathment of his continental eſtates in favour of France, on condition that he ſhould be allowed to retire to his kingdom of Sardinia, eſcorted by a French commiſſary. The prudent Monarch, always intent to avert the calamities of his ſubjects, conſented. The departure of his Majeſty from Turin, attended by his Royal Family, and his faithful ſervants and miniſters, in twenty-four carriages, with lighted torches, in the night-time, amidſt the tears and diſtreſs of all his faithful ſubjects, was like a funeral proceſſion. He was ſubſequently condemned to paſs through the Ciſalpine territories, with the troubleſome eſcort of the French commiſſary, in his way to Leghorn, where he was to embark for Cagliari. Being arrived in Tuſcany, his ſignal piety made him forget his own misfortunes, and turn his mind towards Pope Pius VI. who was yet in Chartreux, near Florence. He reſolved to make him a viſit. His Holineſs, on his ſide, ſeemed likewiſe to forget his own misfortunes on ſeeing at his feet the religious Monarch with his Royal Family. He fainted at the recital of what had happened in Turin. Whilſt this viſit took place, the French commiſſioner was preſent, with his hat on his head, and ſcoffing at the expreſſions of the mutual ſentiments of the two venerable perſons. On his arrival at Leghorn, his Majeſty made to this French agent a gift of a rich ſnuff-box ſet in diamonds; the Duke of Aoſta had preſented him likewiſe with a beautiful ſaddle-horſe; and the other Princes generouſly followed this example. The gratitude of the miſerable wretch was publicly to ſell all theſe things in the market-place at Florence, with ſuch marks of diſreſpect towards the royal perſons, as to have endangered his life from the fury of the mob.

His Majeſty repaired to Cagliari, the capital of his kingdom of Sardinia. He ſtaid in this place till the combined armies of Auſtria and Ruſſia expelled the French from Italy. Upon this he returned to Tuſcany, and reſided for about ſeven months in Florence. When the newly-elected Pope, Pius VII. embarked at Venice for Ancona, his Majeſty, wiſhing to pay him the ſame reſpect as his predeceſſor, went to meet him at the latter place, accompanied by the Royal Family and Court. Next, he attended his Holineſs on his ſubſequent journey from Ancona

to Rome. In this metropolis his Majeſty ſtopped only for ſome days, and afterwards retired to the pleaſant town of Fraſcati, where he is now waiting for thoſe beneficial events which may, as every man of feeling heartily wiſhes, enable him to repair to his continental dominions.

His Sardinian Majeſty is now forty-nine years old, and he has four younger brothers;—the Duke Aoſta, the Duke of Monferato, the Duke of Ginevrino, and the Count of Maurienne. The Royal Family of Sardinia has likewiſe the Duke of Chablais, and two princeſſes from the ſecond marriage of Charles Emmanuel, his grandfather, and the Prince of Carignano with two princeſſes, his aunts.

DESCRIPTION *of the* GRUMBLERS.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I Hate *grumblers* as much as I can hate any deſcription of perſons to whom I would not do an injury; but I avoid them as I would avoid my beſt friend if he offered to deprive me of what is very uſeful in theſe times, a competent ſhare of chearfulneſs and contentment. Yet it is not always in my power to ſhun *grumblers*. I cannot tell every friend I have, "you muſt ſhew me a liſt of your company before I accept your invitation"—a *black ſheep* will croſs one now and then—there were but twelve Apoſtles, and one of them was a traitor. I'll tell you, however, Mr. Printer, what I *can* do—I *can* put a few of them in the *pillory* of your Entertainer, that they may be expoſed to the world—and for this exhibition, I have ſelected ſix notorious and incorrigible claſſes.

1. Grumblers who are for ever complaining of the burthen of riches, and will not part with any.—Surely nothing in the world can be more eaſy than to grub up this "root of all evil," and if any of theſe gentlemen are at a loſs for the means, let them apply to me for advice, and I will give them an infallible *noſtrum*.

2. Grumblers who are for ever talking of the fatigues of viſiting and ſeeing company, and yet are never known to decline an invitation, nor to be at home without a houſe-full of *particular* friends, who are in the very ſame way, *friends* to the whole town. Theſe grumblers complain of company, who have as much averſion to being left alone, as if they had committed a murder, and expected a ghoſt.

3. Grumblers who are perpetually complaining of ſervants, although they cannot do without more than are neceſſary, (a bull! a bull!) and never ſhew thoſe ſervants any example of the

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uſe of time, or induſtry; but, on the contrary, *ſuch* an example as is likely enough to bring them to the gallows.

4. Grumblers who are ever complaining of the bad wine, wretched dinners, and prodigious charges and expence of taverns, who, nevertheleſs, are never to be found at home, and neglect the company of their wives, and ladies in general, for debauchees of their own ſex, in whoſe ſociety they think they enjoy perfect freedom, that is, a releaſe from the obligations of decency and ſobriety.

5. Grumblers who are for ever complaining of *bad health*, and will neither practiſe temperance when well, nor follow advice when ill, but ſeem to retain their complaints on purpoſe to plague their friends, and make converſation reſemble the talk of a conſultation of phyſicians. Inſtead of expecting news, amuſement, wit, repartee, all that is pleaſant and lively in ſociety, you muſt lay your account with the technicals of the apothecary and the cant of the nurſe. For entertainment it would be nearly as wiſe to drink and ſpend the evening in St. Bartholemew's Hoſpital, or paſs an agreeable hour in a ſhip that has got the plague on board.

6. Laſtly, for the preſent—Grumblers that are for ever complaining of the *ſhortneſs* of life, without ever believing that it ſhall end at all; and of its *uncertainty*, although every ſpeculation they engage in is for a *certain* number of years, and after that they are to have a freſh leaſe. While they accuſe life of being *ſhort*, life may juſtly retaliate, by aſking whether they do not often contrive to make it ſhorter, by the various modes of *killing* time, ſo much in faſhion, and whether, if they had every thing their own way, they would not think the age of Methuſalem a great deal too ſhort for their various engagements?

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

PETER PLACID.

REMARKS ON RELIGION.

[By the late ROBERT BURNS.]

RELIGION is ſurely a ſimple buſineſs, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehenſible Great Being, to whom I owe my exiſtence, and that he muſt be intimately acquainted with the operations and progreſs of the internal machinery, and conſequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, theſe are, I think, ſelf evident propoſitions. That there is a real and eternal diſtinction between virtue and vice, and, conſequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the ſeem-

ing nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, poſitive injuſtice in the adminiſtration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there muſt be a retributive ſcene of exiſtence beyond the grave, muſt, I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himſelf a moment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the ſublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrines and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wiſdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, to appearance, he himſelf was the obſcureſt and moſt illiterate of our ſpecies—therefore Jeſus Chriſt was from God!

MISERABLE STATE *of the* MODERN GREEKS.

IF a Greek appears in a rich habit, the loweſt Turk will take out his knife and cut it in pieces. Throughout Romelia, a Greek male child is no ſooner born, than the firſt Turk who hears of it ſends his handkerchief to the father, and from that moment the child is his ſlave: if the father refuſes the handkerchief, the Turk ſoon finds out a method of ruining both father and child.

A Turk, however low, conſiders every Greek whom he meets as being at his command, and orders him to do whatever he pleaſes. A Greek iſlander was lately meaſuring out ſome corn from his boat; a Turk on the pier ordered him to fetch fire to light his pipe: the Greek ſtopped to fill his ſack, which wanted very little of being full; and the Turk, becauſe he did not inſtantly obey him, ſhot him dead.

A late Sultan having made a law that no Chriſtian ſhould have any red in their clothing, walked the ſtreets of Conſtantinople in diſguiſe, in order to hunt out offenders; and his followers ſtruck off the heads of all perſons who were found in the leaſt to tranſgreſs his orders. A ſhoemaker's lad ſat on his ſtall, working and ſinging, with a red cap on his head; the Sultan no ſooner ſaw it, than head and cap were whirled off together. Ali Bey kidnapped eleven Greeks from Tripolezza, and had them impaled, to avenge himſelf of an inſult he had received from the Pacha of that diſtrict.

Stravachi, a Greek, while a ſort of intendant to the Beys of Wallachia and Tranſylvania, accumulated a large fortune. Repeated vexations, which his wealth had brought upon him, induced him to preſent himſelf before the Grand Seignior, whom he thus addreſſed:—"Pleaſe your Highneſs, I am worth twelve millions of piaſtres; I have no child; thou ſhalt be my heir; guarantee my fortune to me for my life." The Sultan, pleaſed with the offer, laid his hand on Stravachi's ſhoulder, and ſaid, "Enjoy thy fortune in ſafety." For ſome years he was unmoleſted: but, at laſt, they thought he lived too long; they accuſed him

him to the Sultan of intending to eſcape, with his treaſure, to Ruſſia: a decree of death was obtained againſt him, and he was inſtantly hung.

At Naples, in Romania, they have this law, which is moſt religiouſly obſerved: that whoever ſees a Greek ill-treated, ſtruck and overpowered, and gives him ſuccour, is unworthy the name of a Muſſulman, and is curſed of the Prophet. So far, indeed, are they from lending aſſiſtance, that when they ſee a mangled victim fall and expire, they cry out Bravo! Bravo!

A traveller viſiting the fort of Rodoſto was witneſs to a ſcene, which may give ſome idea of the deſpotiſm of a conquering over a conquered people.—Two ſmall boats were ſailing towards the ſhore, at a nearly equal diſtance from it, and ſeeming to contend which ſhould reach it firſt. One was manned by Turks, and the other by Greeks. The bowſprit of the Turkiſh veſſel having got foul of the rigging of the Grecian boat, a Greek ſailor ran forward to diſengage it; when the maſter of the Turkiſh boat got up in a rage, and, laying hold of an oar, knocked down the Greek with it, who ſuffered himſelf to be killed without offering the leaſt reſiſtance.

Copy of a Letter from Sir Edward Hawke, to the Duke d'Aiguillon, written ſoon after the glorious 20th of November, 1759.

Royal George, December 12, 1759.

I Have the honour of your Grace's letter of the 11th inſtant: In anſwer to which I beg to acquaint you, that Captain Oury has acted entirely by my orders, and that I approve of what he has done. His manifeſt, of which your Grace has tranſmitted me a copy, is a ſufficient proof of his humanity, and the tenderneſs of my orders, which were, not to fire unleſs he ſhould be fired upon.

Without further recollection, I need only have recourſe to my letter to your Grace of the 29th of November, by Lord Howe, with regard to the Heroe.—My words are: "I therefore claim theſe officers and men as priſoners, and expect from your Grace's known honour, that they be immediately delivered up to me." The hull and guns were not mentioned; for the firſt I had ſet on fire, and the ſecond I looked on as in my own power to recover. Let me further beg your Grace to look over the agreement you ſigned with Lord Howe: Is the artillery ſo much as mentioned in it? No. Every article of it I have ſtrictly obſerved; exchanged ſeamen, releaſed officers, ſoldiers, and militia, on the terms of the cartel, and ſent the guardes marines a-ſhore on parole. I could not help being ſurpriſed, that no notice was taken in that agreement of my claims of the Heroe's officers and men;

men; and was anſwered, that matter belonged to another department, not to your Grace's; which occaſioned my writing to you again upon that ſubject. I can only further aſſure your Grace, that had a Captain of a Britiſh ſhip of war, under my command, begged quarter, and ſurrendered to the French, and afterwards run away with the ſhip, in open breach of the rules of war, I would have immediately delivered up the ſhip, with the Commander, to have been treated as the forfeiture of his honour deſerved. The ſame I ſhould have expected from the Duke d'Aiguillon, if I did not conſider him as the ſubject of a ſtate, in which the will of the Monarch conſtitutes right and wrong.

I aſſure your Grace, upon my honour, that I never heard of any memorial to be preſented to the Admiralty of England, who have no concerns in matters of this kind. By the bounty of their King, Britiſh ſeamen are entitled to every thing ſurrendered by, and taken from, an enemy in war. In their names, and for their benefit, I ſhall endeavour to recover the Heroe's guns, and alſo thoſe of the Soleil Royal, which was deſerted and left to our mercy; the delivery of the officers and men, is all that depends at preſent on the honour of your Court; the artillery are within our reach; our endeavours to take them away being juſtifiable, I was in hopes would not have been interrupted; but ſince your Grace and the Marquis de Brec have thought fit to fire upon my ſhips, I ſhall take as ſevere a revenge as I can, along your coaſts, as ſoon as I receive ſupplies from Britain.

For I came out near eight months ago, only furniſhed with orders to decide the fate of the two nations with M. de Conflans in the open ſea, but when we met, as he did not chooſe to ſtay for me, he has thereby changed the nature of my military operations, and reduced me to the neceſſity (entirely repugnant to my natural diſpoſition) of ſending fire and ſword into that country, from whence your Grace, with forty battalions under your command, by the authenticated inſtructions of Marſhal de Belleiſle, was to have ſpread the moſt dreadful calamities of war in Great Britain or Ireland. I cannot perſuade myſelf your Grace could be ſerious, when you termed my enterprizes irregular; it was merriment; and I ſhall not hereafter be ſurprized, if, in the ſame *gaite de coeur*, I ſhould be accuſed of acting irregularly in attacking M. de Conflans (after a chace of twenty leagues in the open ſeas) within your iſlands, and on your coaſt, and ſetting fire to the Soleil Royal, &c.

As an individual, I honour and reſpect the Duke d'Aiguillon: As a Commander of a Britiſh ſquadron againſt a declared enemy, I ſtrictly obey the orders of the great King my maſter, only following my own judgment, as circumſtances may alter. I have the honour to be with the moſt profound reſpect and regard, your Grace's moſt obedient and moſt humble ſervant,

(Signed) EDWARD HAWKE.

ANECDOTES *of* FERDINAND BARON HOMPESCH.

THIS nobleman is a native of Hungary, and, as his title evinces, a nobleman by birth. He, however, left his country at an early period, in conſequence of ſome political event, and entered into the Pruſſian ſervice, where, by his conduct, he obtained the honorary diſtinction of the Croix de Merite. Almoſt as ſoon as the Britiſh troops arrived on the Continent at the commencement of the preſent war, he was commiſſioned to raiſe a regiment in our ſervice, conſiſting chiefly of Germans. When the corps was completed, and had joined the army, they gave the Baron reaſon to be diſſatisfied with their behaviour, in the firſt action they were engaged in, when he himſelf did not command them. In the next affair, they were to fight under the immediate inſpection of their Colonel; on this occaſion, he drew his ſword, and putting himſelf at their head, ſaid to them: "*Allons, Meſſieurs, je me charge de vous faire teur aujourd'hui;*" and, to uſe the language of Falſtaff, he certainly led them where they were *peppered*. No regiment, however, on the Continent or elſewhere, were afterwards more diſtinguiſhed for their bravery, than was Hompeſch's legion. In the early part of this campaign, the Baron, as he was going to head-quarters through a bye-road, was intercepted and taken by a party of the enemy: they plundered him of his baggage, together with a conſiderable ſum of money he had with him in his carriage, and ſent him, under a ſtrong eſcort, to Paris. During his detention at the Luxembourgh, he was, in common with many others, reduced to the greateſt inconveniences: his appearance ſufficiently demonſtrated this: with a long undreſs regimental frock, he wore a pair of looſe trowſers of white ſatin, which, on the demiſe of his pantaloons, he had borrowed of the Princeſs of Naſſau Saarbruck, who was a priſoner with him; and the whole was crowned with a red huſſar-cap, of a peculiar ſhape, and an immenſe pair of muſtachoes; ſo that his dreſs was, it muſt be confeſſed, a very extraordinary one.

When the King of Pruſſia made peace with the republic of France, Baron Hompeſch obtained permiſſion to leave the country, under the ſuppoſition of his ſtill being in that Monarch's ſervice; nor was it recollected 'till he had actually left Paris, that the regiment he commanded was in the pay of Great-Britain. As ſoon, however, as the Committee of General Safety came to a knowledge of this circumſtance, a courier was immediately diſpatched in purſuit of him, who overtook the Baron within a ſhort diſtance of the frontiers: he was once more ſtopped, and thrown into confinement; but the windows of the place in which they now thought to ſecure him, chanced, though at a conſiderable height, to overlook the Rhine. The Baron, ill able to brook this ſecond confinement, took the firſt opportunity of

ſtripping

ſtripping himſelf and plunging into the river; and thus, in the dead of the night, ſwam over to the Auſtrian army, which was poſted on the oppoſite bank; where no doubt but this adventure, as well as his naked appearance, excited no ſmall degree of merriment.

Since Baron Hompeſch's arrival from the Continent in England, and after having ſerved with his regiment in St. Domingo, he has married the daughter of the late Admiral Chriſtian.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Captain Hardy, whoſe ſhip was ſtationed at Legara Bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of ſeventeen Spaniſh galleons, under the convoy of ſeventeen men of war, in the harbour of Vigo, and without any warrant for ſo doing, ſet ſail and came up with Sir George Rooke, who was Admiral and Commander in Chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him ſuch intelligence as induced him to make the beſt of his way to Vigo; where all the before-mentioned galleons and men of war were either deſtroyed or taken.

Sir George was ſenſible of the importance of the advice, and the ſucceſsful expedition of the Captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the Admiral ordered Captain Hardy on board, and with a ſtern countenance ſaid, "You have done, Sir, a very important piece of ſervice to the throne; you have added to the honour and riches of your country by your diligence; but do not you know that you are liable at this inſtant to be ſhot for quitting your ſtation?"—"He is unworthy of bearing a commiſſion under her Majeſty, replied the Captain, "who holds his life as aught, when the glory and intereſt of his Queen and country require him to hazard it." On this heroic anſwer, he was diſpatched home with the firſt news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the Queen, who inſtantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a Rear-Admiral.

A REFLECTION.

HISTORY-PAINTING is certainly the firſt, but not the moſt profitable line in the art.—A portrait-painter ſays, "Painters of hiſtory make the dead live, and do not begin to live themſelves, till they are dead.—I paint the living, and they make me live."

CURIOUS BULL.

MR. CAMPBELL, an Argyleſhire laird, has given a ſpecimen of the *bull*, even beyond moſt of thoſe already recited. The excellent military road in that county, conſtructed under the directions of the late General Wade, running through part of his eſtate, he has recorded his ſenſe of this improvement by a conſpicuous monument, on which is inſcribed the following diſtich:

" Had you ſeen this road *before it was made*,
" You'd lift up your hands, and bleſs General Wade."

AN ANECDOTE.

IN a few minutes after Captain Otway had arrived at the Admiralty, with intelligence of the victory over the Daniſh fleet on the 2d of April, 1801, the place was crowded with enquiring viſitors. Among the reſt, a young gentleman of the Tranſport-Office, about thirteen years of age, was very conſpicuous. His engaging figure, and eager deportment, intereſted all about him, and rivetted their attention. He haſtily aſked Captain Otway after the Monarch: " And my papa, Sir, how is he? Is he wounded? Is he killed?" " Who is your papa, my dear?" ſaid Captain Otway, ſtruck and affected with the youth's ingenuous ſenſibility. " Captain Moſſe." " My dear, the Monarch has been very roughly handled." O, I know your meaning!" exclaimed the mourner, " my dear Papa is dead?" Captain Otway was much agitated; and the youth, burſting into an agony of grief, bewailed the loſs of his parent in few, but pathetic ſentences. At length he raiſed his head, and, with his eyes ſtreaming with tears, faultered out, " I am happy, however, that he died *fighting for us!*"

Anſwer, by R. Sellick, Jun. of Tiverton, to R. Baker's Charade, inſerted March 2.

WHEN woods with muſick ſweet do ring,
And flowers deck the green,
That lovely emblem of the ſpring
A NOSEGAY oft is ſeen.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from H. Humphreys, J. Smith, Egbert Moon, and S. O. Smith, Exeter; W. B. of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. R. Toulmin; T. Taylor, Bridgewater; Henricus, Plymouth; P. Ninnis, and J. Whitford, of St. Auſtell; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; W. M. of Topſham; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; J. Field, of Staverton; J. Squance, Exeter; G. England, Uplyme; and J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to R. Thomas's Charade, inſerted March 9.

THE FIRE-SHIP in a wreck appears,
And fills the mind with dreadful fears.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; and John Smith, P. Gove, and T. Whicker, of Exeter.

A QUESTION, *by J. Jones, of the Royal Radnor Militia.*

IT is propoſed to divide the number 728692 into five ſuch parts, ſo that if the firſt part be increaſed by 9, the ſecond diminiſhed by 9, the third multiplied by 9, the fourth divided by 9, and the fifth part involved to the ſecond power, the reſult in ſuch caſes ſhall be exactly the ſame.—To be worked by a quadratic equation.

A CHARADE, *by Telamon, of Chard.*

MY firſt, when winter ſhews his face,
Is terror to the feather'd race;
A blazing fire then to prepare,
Becomes my ſecond's daily care.
When Mars cuts ſhort the ſoldier's life
My whole doth often aid the ſtrife.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

KNOW this, ye youths, or ſoon, or late,
We all muſt pay frail nature's debt,
Then let's prepare to meet our fate,
And make our peace with Heaven;
When death hath thrown his fatal dart
At feeble man's unguarded heart,
The awful tidings to impart,
My firſt's a ſignal given.

A temp'rary building next perceive
'Tis time I now the ſubject leave,
But, worthy Sirs, I mean to give,
One hint more ere I drop it;
Ne'er ſhun the counſel of a friend,
If you've done wrong, ſtrive to amend,
Without a crime, you may depend,
My whole you'll ne'er inhabit.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

On MAY.

WHILE Flora, with indulgent smiles,
New paints th' enamell'd scene,
Amanda, let us leave our toils,
And wander o'er the plain.

Instructive pleasure shall attend,
And ev'ry blooming spray,
Shall softly whisper, like a friend,
That flowers and youth decay.

The lark, high soaring on the wind,
And warbling as he flies,
To active virtue lifts the mind,
And bids us seek the skies.

Our joys are pictur'd in the stream,
Bright, fugitive, and new;
And waves succeeding wave proclaim
The bright resemblance true.

The lengthen'd shade of yonder tower
Reminds us of old age;
But virtue gilds the ev'ning hour,
And waits on life's last stage.

In all the rest alike, my fair,
We'll imitate the dove;
True innocence is void of care,
And happiness is love.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

The INVITATION.

COME, my Delia! let us wander
Where the sportive lambkins play,
And the purling streams meander,
There to taste the sweets of May.

See, my fair! 'tis pleasant weather,
Come, no longer let's delay;
Let us trip the vale together,
And enjoy the sweets of May.

Flocks and herds with joy will greet us,
As along the mead we stray;
Purest pleasures there await us
In the pleasant month of May.

Lovely songsters, in full chorus,
Pour their notes from every spray;
What a scene is spread before us
In the lovely month of May!

See the valley's deck'd with flowers,
Nature is profusely gay;
There we'll pass the gladsome hours,
And enjoy the sweets of May.

There we'll praise our Great Creator,
As the moments glide away;
And, amidst the sweets of nature,
Contemplate a better May!

Contemplate the joys of Heaven,
That will never fade away;
Where, with happiness, is given,
One unbounded, blooming May!

THOMAS JARVIS.

Malborough, 1801.

The FAIRY GIFT.

PRESS'D by cares and hopeless love,
Sad I sought a lone retreat,
Sought the precincts of a grove,
Where young fairies nightly meet.

Fair in midnight's front serene,
Which unnumber'd stars adorn,
Glows the moon with silver sheen,
Rearing bright her beamy horn.

Thro' the glade as oft I stray'd,
Musing sad in mournful guise,
In her sky-wove robes array'd
Fairy Mab salutes my eyes.

Twenty virgins round her throng,
Each a face of rosy hue:
Light and gay they trip along,
Deftly skimming o'er the dew.

Soon the Queen, approaching nigh,
Wav'd her little sceptre's pride,
Soon with kindness in her eye
Thus aloud she sweetly cried:

" Wayward youth of pensive mien,
" By what woes severe oppress'd,
" Tread'st thou thus the fairy scene
" At the hour of soothing rest?"

" Gentle Queen of fairy plains,
" Sad I stray, of hope forlorn,
" Still consum'd by secret pains.
" Doom'd to prove Aminta's scorn.

" Have ye seen the op'ning rose,
" Redolent with orient dews,
" All its fragrant sweets disclose,
" Manifest its lovely hues?

" Can,

" Can the roſe, or flow'ret fair,
" Can the balmy eglantine,
" With the peerleſs nymph compare,
" In whoſe form ſuch charms com-
" bine?

" Long I've lov'd th' enchanting maid,
" Oft confeſt the tender flame;
" Still my ſighs with ſcorn are paid,
" Still I languiſh at her name."

Sad beneath a branching plane
Thus I ſpoke, in mournful guiſe—
Fairy Mab, to ſooth my pain,
Soon in accents mild replies:

" Faithful ſwain, thy tale of woe
" Moves my ſoul with riſing grief;
" Let thy tears no longer flow,
" Elfin arts ſhall yield relief.

" Take with ſpeed this glitt'ring prize,
" Emblem pure of faithful loves;
" Lo! it meets thy dazzled eyes,
" Blazon'd o'er with cooing doves.

" Let her view the powerful ſpell,
" Swift convey it to the fair;
" Love within her breaſt ſhall dwell,
" Nor thy vows be loſt in air.

" Shuns th' enchanting nymph thy
" arms?
" Low'rs ſhe now with high diſdain?
" Soon to thee ſhe'll yield her charms,
" Thou her fondeſt love ſhall gain."

" Who dropt it for the purpoſe there,
" A faithful emblem of our love.

" It is of cleareſt gold, refin'd,
" Affection's chaſteſt ſign before;
" And poliſh'd, like my Annette's
" mind,
" As ſimply elegant and pure.

" It's round too, what is that to prove,
" To what can ſuch an emblem tend?
" What! but the eternity of love,
" A love, like mine, that knows no
" end.

" Annette, they ſay, nay in this curve,
" No ſorcery lurks, nor lawleſs art,
" That in this finger there's a nerve,
" Which leads directly to the heart.

" Touch'd by this gold—for raptur'd
" there
" Love's charming witcheries are
" ſuch,
" Fancy would falter to declare
" The thrilling pleaſure—ſhall I
" touch?"

It ſtruck her finger—raptur'd quite,
She cried, " You're fooliſh, get you
" gone;
" Yet if the touch be ſuch delight,
" What happineſs to put it on!"

He ſeiz'd the hint; the willing maid
Scarce knew what ſhe had ſaid or
done—
But love's ſweet influence obey'd,
And kiſs'd the ring that made them
one.

And now, when rude or playful jeſt
At happy wedlock had its fling,
She claſps her Lubin to her breaſt,
And ſmiling ſhews her—WEDDING RING.

The WEDDING RING.

ANNETTE was milder than the
dew
That ſpangles Arno's ſcented grove;
And Lubin conſtant, fond, and true,
As ever told the tale of love.

One eve, with chaſte yet mantling
ſmile,
He bade her gueſs what he could
bring,
Then, from a boſom void of guile,
He bluſh'd, and trembling took a
ring.

The maiden flutter'd, fidled, ſigh'd—
O Cupid! 'twas a charming ſcene—
And with affected coyneſs cried,
" Dear! what can ſuch a trinket
" mean?"

" Mean!" ſaid the youth, with glow-
ing cheek,
And flurried that ſhe ſo miſtook,
" A ring-dove dropt it from his beak,
" I pick'd it up in yonder brook.

" And much we owe, my lovely fair,
" To this kind token of the dove,

SONG.

LONG for his fair, delightful toil,
As ſummer ting'd the ſapphire
ſkies,
Calmar had bid the garden ſmile,
And mark'd its varied beauties riſe.
Here many a ſhrub in ſparkling hue,
Flaunted amid the ſolar beam;
And there its ſober tint withdrew,
To ſhade the ſilver-winding ſtream.
Once thro' the vegetable blaze,
As in fond trance the lover ſtray'd,
He met his Arven in the maze,
And thus addreſt the bluſhing maid:
" Survey theſe flow'ring ſhrubs, my fair
" Full many a bloſſom may'ſt thou
" ſee—
" Yet leſs are all the bloom they bear
" Than half the ſighs I hear'd for
" thee!"